Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windsor*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to us againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a devill hast thou to doe with the time of the day? Unlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the signes of leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fals. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purses, goe by the Moon and seven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee, sweet wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace; Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forresters, Gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistris the Moone; under whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou sayst well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purse of gold most resolutely sna
day night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday n
with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring
as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by
high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou sayest true, Lad: and is
stesse of the Taverne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the C
not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in t
thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe w
Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to doe with m
the Taverne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning
and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, i'le give thee thy due, thou hast payd al

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coyne w
and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so used it, that were it not heere a
thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag,
Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art Ki
lution thus snub'd as it is with the rusty crub of o
tick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, h

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'le be a brave

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane thou s
hanging of the Theeves, and so become a rare Har

Fals. Well, *Hall*, well, and in some sort it jum
humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell y

Prin. For obtaining of sutes?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of sutes, whereof the Ha
no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as
a lugd-Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpi

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the m